

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 2

Wednesday, June 26, 1918

No. 1

**A wise old owl sat on an oak; The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, soldier IMITATE THIS BIRD.**

BOXING BOUTS AT THE Y.

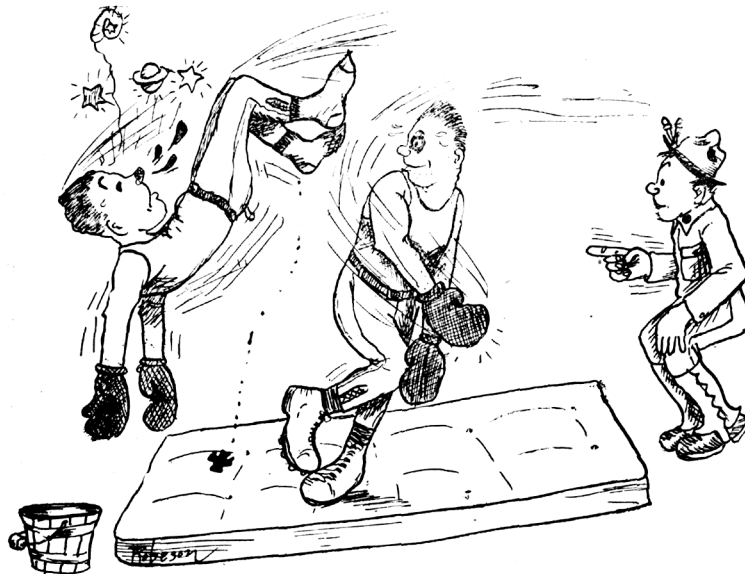
Well, did we have some lively boxing bouts at the Y the other night? We did. Five of them were pretty full of pep and the ringsiders and large audience in the building made a big lot of noise.

The ring was all set and looked like the real thing. Two lines of stout rope, well anchored, kept the contestants from mixing up too freely with the audience. There were buckets, sponges, towels, corner advisors, timekeepers and so on. The main bouts were refereed by Lt. Frenna, who was fair and always on the job. There have not come to our attention any kicks about his work. Lt. Bebee was timekeeper. The trainer, in the off corner, was our well-known comedian, Bobby Hale, erstwhile of "Oh, Boy!"

The curtain-raiser was a short bout between two short fellers with full waist lines, who answer to the titles of Tunnell and Cavanaugh, from the 13th Service Co. To make the thing duly impressive and to be in every way according to Hoyle, two of our eminent gentlemen of the medical profession got up on the stage and made heart examinations and tickled the athletes under the third ribs. They shook mits and went to it. They were a pretty affectionate couple, and slipped in a few pretty good jolts occasionally. The referee for this bout was Pvt. LaViolette, who rose like the Bunker Hill monument over the boxers.

The next bout was between Kid Sugert and Battling Williams, each tipping the beam at about 140 pounds. Sugert belong to D. Co., 417th Bttn., and Williams is from the 13th Service outfit. The gong (?) sounded and they dug in, teeth and toenails. It was a pretty live lot of scrapping and the honors were given to Sugert at the close. Following this pair, K. O. Connor, E. Co., 417, 115 pounds, and Hanley, D. Co. 417, same weight, crossed mits and swung at each other's beaks at the break. This was a good bout with lots of action, and the boys in the crowd yelled good and plenty. At the close the referee awarded the blue ribbon to Connor. We will have to see this pair at it again pretty soon.

Young Nelson and Farmer Dunn were the next contestants. They came on at 133 pounds and went at their work with a will. They boxed and danced around all over the ring, swinging and ducking and giving a regular exhibition of the manly art. We were a little fearful for our stage decorations, but they managed to keep shy of hitting everything else but each other and giving the third man in the ring considerable ducking and shift-



ing to keep out of slumberland from several of their haymakers.

"Gunboat" Burnett, Casual Det., 13th Service, and "Slugger" Strauss, E. Co., 418, both boys weighing in at bantam weights, came last and closed the show. They went at their work just like the rest of them had done and gave a lovely exhibition. They smashed away at each other for fair, each boy trying to land the wallop that would bring home the bacon, and his adversary just as keenly and shrewdly avoiding that haymaker. This bout was a draw.

It is expected that every other week there will be more boxing.

Great interest is being shown by the members of this battalion in the coming track meet which will be held on the flying field July 1st. (This must mean another holiday boys). Some of the men who were track men at college and high school are sending home for their spikes and suits and promise lively competition to the other outfits in camp. (Watch us cop off the medals.)

Private Skeel of "E" company will probably enter the high jump for this battalion as he was one of the foremost track men in his high school. Private Geissler "D" company is slated for the 440 and promises a good run for all other entries. Many others of the 417th are training for the events and it looks as though the other outfits would have to watch their step to even place.

The buglers from 417 are fast becoming proficient in the gentle art of bugling and in spite of their weight

and height snap out their calls with lots of pep.

The company is being rounded out this week and our men are being picked for their position in the company as fast as they prove themselves able to handle the task. In a short while it is thought that everyone will have a permanent line of work to follow and each man will know just what he is assigned to.

MANA ZUCCA COMING SOON.

Miss Mana Zucca, well-known composer and very clever pianologist, was unable to come last night owing to a severe cold which affected her neck. She got it, however, going to Camp Dix to entertain soldiers. She writes us that she is willing to come next Tuesday night if we want her. On that night we have, through the kindness of Mrs. Erlanger, our neighbor in the Little White House across the way, a trio in Irish melodies and dances. They come from New York and comprise Nevins, Combe and Quinn. They know their job well and we are sure they are going to be big hits. Added to these we have Bobby Hale, erstwhile doing low comedy stuff with "Oh, Boy!" Bobby is real funny. Wait and see for yourself if he isn't. Add to these Miss Zucca and you have the ingredients of a really big show. She does funny "talking" songs.

The 122nd Aero Squadron has an expert swimming teacher now in Sgt. McCall, he having shown great skill in the natorium in Asbury Park last Sunday afternoon. Sgt. McCall will be pleased to be of any assistance to those learning the art of swimming.

MOTHER DAVISON'S BIG NIGHT.

"Mother" Davison, beloved by the soldiers at many army camps, brought a regular "Davison" show last night. The house was packed and the crowd enjoyed everybody on the large bill. Miss Celia Schiller, pianist par-excellence, opened the show with some unusual piano solo work, which brought a good lot of applause. Miss Aubrey, contralto singer from Texas, was next, and the boys liked her, too. Miss Eugenia Jones, "the California Nightingale," followed with some pretty whistling. Miss Jones has been heard here before and was welcomed back. The next number was our old and tried friend, Frank Carmen. Frank has tried every way he knows how to get into a uniform of Uncle Sam, but fradt boards, naval boards and other recruiting boards say nay, nay to him. Something is wrong with his feet. Frank is really and deeply sorry. Now he is going over with an amusement unit to make the boys laugh just as he made them here. He was literally a scream. There seemed to be no end to his rapid-fire humor. He is one of the best dialect men we have ever heard. There seems to be no dialect he can't "get" right. His stories were new and different, and he had a personality which got them over in great style.

Miss Dohler, classic dancer, flitted about the stage pleasingly and showed much grace and rhythm in her movements—one of those "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own" kind of dances. Miss Aubrey wanted to have another look at the boys from Texas and sang another number, after which Revoli, of the Lamb's Club, gave an impersonation of Mrs. Susan B. Anthony giving a lecture on "Woman's Rights." He was a great hit, and the boys made him come back, after he had quickly thrown off his suffrage raiments, and do a bit of straight comedy, which he did to their great delight. Miss Dohler repeated with another Irish dance to the music of the Victrola, and the audience rose and sang the national anthem, gave three rousing cheers for everybody and the big show was over.

Mother Davison says she will come back once a month. Well, we hope she will.

Rumson night is Thursday. The Amateur Comedy Club, of New York, will stage a big comedy. Nuf ced!

PROMOTIONS.

Promotions with in the last week were: Ptv. Wakefield and Daley to sergeant and corporal respectively, and Pvt. Dreher to first-class chauffeur.

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Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1918

RADIO LABORATORIES. (By Wakefield.)

We wish to compliment the Q. M. boys on the excellent show they produced for the benefit of not only their soldier-comrades, but the people of Long Branch and vicinity, who made up a large part of the audience at the Broadway Theatre last Sunday night. It was the unanimous opinion of the Lab boys in their comments on the entertainment around the barracks that a professional gathering could not have pleased more than did the mirth-makers from the little village located down near the railroad tracks. Those who were responsible for the show deserve considerable credit for it is well understood that a task of such proportions is not easily managed when success is to be the result. Those participating in the affair worked meritoriously and the entire program was assimilated satisfactorily.

If anyone wants to see a couple of Beau Brummels on the parade, take thyself hither to any part of Broad street in Red Bank on a Sunday morning and endeavor to focus the eyes on Adolph Mueller and Fred Rattenbury. They sure have the town in a whirl.

And, by the way, I'm wondering if that man in Red Bank has any sons in the service. Pretty soon the boys will have to take to a veritable dug-out to enjoy themselves.

He said that "Nobody likes a fat man," but I'm yet to be convinced. For one of such, there couldn't be a more amiable chap than Frank Moore, despite the burden he seems to always be carrying. Old Pittsburgh must have missed him.

Cecil Somers had better get some hair tonic; the grass is awfully slow in growing. Cecil was in the Q. M. show and someone asked him what he was going to do. He said: "Oh, just look natural; that'll make them laugh the best way I know of."

Speaking of funny stories, anent army life, one was told the other day of a recruit (I think it was in the German army), who was doing guard duty. He slouched along his post in a decidedly unmilitary fashion, carrying

his rifle behind his back in a weird manner. An officer approached.

"Young man, don't you know the proper position of a soldier?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Well, then," continued the officer, "why aren't you walking in a military manner?"

"Because I gave myself 'rout order,' sir," the awkward one declared, nonchalantly.

Personals.

Our gay Lothario, Pvt. "Red" Potter (permanent address—"The Kitchens," Radio Lab.) will have accumulated enough experience by the end of the war, along the line of "what to eat, and why," to alter his name to something like this—M. LeRouge Potteur, and open up a "French" cafe back home.

Pvt. Moore has been seen several times, by persons of unimpeachable character (Potter; Schlotterbeck, Rauch, White and others) in the act of totting a suspicious flask containing red liquor. No assumptions, however, are to be drawn from this simple statement of fact.

Corp. Brown's mustache, thanks to his enforced sojourn in the "repair works" on "The Hill," has assumed an almost tangible form. (Hope he don't perpetrate any ruthlessness on it with a Gillette before you-all have a chance to admire it.)

Have you noticed the expansive smile decorating the one-time sad countenance of First Class Chauffeur Dreher, since his elevation to that much desired goal?

It is to be hoped that we may sometime induce those apt understudies of the silent Colonel House, Pvts. Jackson, Straughn and Dart to say at least three whole words in a row for publication in our column. Considering their youthful and sprightly appearance, their silence is, to say the least, phenomenal.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. Yes, "Maiden of Long Branch," we may ease your mind on that score. Last reports show our Sergt. McGraw to be in excellent health.

A2. Doubtless he will gladly send you his photo upon request.

Motion Picture Depot.

A progressive movement toward "Better Movies" has been noted on the part of the executive committee of the Rad. School M. P. show. The screen has been increased from post-stamp size to one which must be all of two feet square! One suggestion, however, a jitney's worth of carpet tacks and a hammer judiciously applied to the window shades would go far toward eliminating the "light and shadow" effect observable on breezy evenings.

Special Notices.

By the way, readers of this column are urged to pay heed to the law which prohibits the carrying of concealed weapons, and to leave their eating tools in the barracks until after retreat. We are trying to jam a regulation through, however, which will make permissible appearance on retreat with roller skates thereby enabling those who live in a constant state of starvation to beat the rest of the mob to the three a day game of Pussy Wants a Corner.

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KEEP NEAT*

Emory B. Randolph Comes Again.

While Emory B. Randolph, the well-known tenor, and Miss Olga Bergstrom were pausing between numbers in their great concert, on Tuesday night of last week, a huge derigible passed over the camp, and everybody made a grand rush for the windows and outdoors to get a look. The house was almost empty. It is quite a tribute to this pair that their audience practically all came back and took their seats to hear the rest of their exceptional singing.

Mr. Randolph sang popular balads, "Sunshine of Your Smile," "Mother Machree," "Mandalay," and several others. With Miss Bergstrom, he sang the duet from Rigoletto, a selection from Il Traviator, and the ever-popular and beautiful Quartette from Rigoletto, arranged for two voices, with which they closed their concert. Miss Bergstrom looked very pretty and sang wonderfully. She sang "My Hero" from the Chocolate Soldier, and several heavy arias, which, even though the arias were classics, the boys whistled and cheered and kicked on the floor for more. This may all go to show that it depends on several things to make the classics popular in the army camps: first of all, an exceptional singer who knows how to sing them; a pretty girl to sing them, and a judicious selection of numbers. Miss Bergstrom sang several "high-brow" selections and got away with them in great style. Indeed, some of the men told us, afterwards, that they had listened to the greatest singing they ever heard.

Now, with a piano with a couple of bad keys, one of them almost dead, it takes a real, ingenious artist on this instrument to make good and hide its faults, and provide proper accompaniment for two artists. With a less accomplished artist than George Roberts, who played all the accompaniments, this concert would not have been anything like as successful as it was. We owe a great debt to Mr. Roberts. We would have enjoyed a few solo numbers by Mr. Roberts; but with a piano out of fix, we couldn't ask it of him. The next time he comes back, though, we are going to have the piano in proper shape for him and we will look forward to some of his excellent playing.

—o:o:o—

LETTER TO LT. FORNEY FOR CAMP VAIL MEN.

San Francisco, Cal.,
June 18th, 1918.

To the former Employees of Pacific Gas and Electric Company as well as all other gas and electric men from California in the service of the United States, located at Camp Alfred Vail, Long Branch, New Jersey. Greeting:

On the eve of your departure to wrest from a power that is abusing it, its right from its announced point of view of dominating the world, may I convey my appreciation of the splendid spirit which has dominated men of public utility service who have almost without exception voluntarily offered themselves as a sacrifice to save our nation.

You are fighting not only, as has

been the common expression, to make the world safe to live in, and for the triumph of democracy, but, as this horrible war is day by day divulging, you are fighting for the preservation of the sanctity of homes and of women whose lives and virtue must be as dear to you as those of your own mothers, wives and sisters.

With the knowledge of men in America, I have no doubt of the ultimate outcome. America is going to finally win this war, and while there must be looked forward to the severance of family ties and all the sorrows that go with war, I am sure that you will feel as I do—that no sacrifice is too great to accomplish the purpose for which we are fighting.

It is needless to say that my heart is with you in this undertaking, and in common with others who have to stay at home, we will try to bear our burdens in the same spirit of loyalty that I know you will bear yours.

Very sincerely,
JOHN A. BRITTON.

—o:o:o—

THE WEATHER'S FINE."

John Joseph Blauth and Julia Hines, both of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and the soldier is now a member of the 13th Service Co. Joseph was pretty steady until it came to the serious part of this very serious business, and then he got pretty nervous. He had the ring all right and it only took one trial to put it on the pretty lady's finger. It is reported he was a little weak in his admission of "I will," which is, of course, next to paying the bills, the most serious part of married life. Private Taft—not a son of William H., however—stood up with Blauth and steadied him. The bridemaid was Mrs. Leo Hoffman, the bride's sister. Quite a number of wellwishers, soldiers of Camp Vail, were on hand to throw the rice and old shoes and give the ceremony a touch of comedy to help in the festivities as much as they could. The ceremony was performed by Father Lacasse in the Star of the Sea Church, Long Branch, Sunday morning. "Bless you, my children," we say, and good luck.

—o:o:o—

RUMSON NITE THURSDAY.

"How much ice cream and cake should we order for Rumson Night?" phoned Mrs. Riker the other day. Well, we didn't know but we said a thousand hungry men would be in or trying to get in our building on Rumson night. "Very well," answered Mrs. Riker, "we will order cream for a thousand." Now, you fellows gotta come around and eat it and listen to the big show by the Amateur Comedy Club, of New York, in "Three Hats," a roaring comedy, with full stage settings.

—o:o:o—

There has been numerous requests lately for comfort kits, and we only wish we could give one to every man in camp. But unfortunately there is only a limited supply and we are only permitted to give them to men leaving for overseas. When you go you will surely get one.

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ALBERT S. MILLER, Red Bank, N. J.

Thanks, Mrs. Seligman.

We are very glad to record here, with many thanks, the gift of \$30, by Mrs. Henry Seligman, who came in, the other day for a visit. We were in the midst of our arrangements for getting prizes for the big field day meet for Monday, July 1st, and she came forward with this material evidence of her interest. Thanks, again, Mrs. Seligman. We hope you will get over to see the meet, as well as other things we have in contemplation.

—o:o:o—

MUSICAL NOTES.

Between the warblings of the various "Gas-house Quartets" and the vibrant though somewhat untutored twanging of several banjos and "misprint" Ukelele, our once peaceful boudoir now sounds like a Lyceum circuit "try-out room" or a boiler factory on a busy Monday morning.

—o:o:o—

ATHLETIC DEPT.

The "Heavenly Twins," Pvts. Bross and Driscoll, are, as usual, presenting their nightly "strong arm" performance, during which they manage to wreck one perfectly good iron bed apiece. Suggestion: Do your calisthenics in the morning and cheat the rag man!

10TH FIELD OFFICERS OPEN NEW MESS.

The long talked-of mess for the officers of the 10th Field Battalion became a fact at a quarter to five Monday morning when Chief Cook Olsen gathered together his bottle washers and K. P.'s and started the fire in the big range. According to advices from the 10th Field, this is to be the best mess in camp. We hope they will invite us in to dinner often.

The building near the corral has been transformed into a real mess hall, and we have heard there is to be real china service used. Maybe they will be spreading these Havilands and Community specimens on real table linen.

—o:o:o—

STATUS OF RED CROSS NURSES IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

Red Cross nurses definitely assigned to war service become thereby part of the Military establishment of the United States. Although they remain Red Cross Nurses their papers are transferred to the Army or Navy Department, as the case may be, which thereupon assumes jurisdiction and issues orders and instructions covering assignments to duty and details of transportation.

"A NIGHT IN THE BARRACKS."

A Big Show.

The boys of the Q. M. from Camp Vail played to a crowded house in the Broadway Theatre in Long Branch on Sunday night. They had promised the biggest show of the season and they delivered the goods. "Life in the Barracks" kept the house roaring with laughter from the time the curtain was raised until Taps was blown. Between the laughs the large audience was treated with some rare acts of real art in music, dancing, songs and readings. The big show was a big hit and the big crowd went away well pleased that they had seen "A Night in the Barracks."

Things started off with a bang and a roar of laughter when the curtain raised, showing the bunks in the squad room and the famous Murray policing the barracks and singing to the accompaniment of the melodious Jazz Band. Murray proved that he is as good on the stage as he is in the kitchen. Soon the cast rushed onto the stage as coming from mess, bringing with them the big noise of the evening, "Scatter," in the role of mail orderly. Blumenfeld, "Scatter," poured forth a volume of practical jokes and pranks, which, though perfectly natural to him, made the audience almost roll in their seats. Murray and "Scatter" were the comedy hits of the evening. They had MacIntyre and Heath backed "off of the map yelling for help." Another item of comedy that made a big hit was Jacob Simons in impersonations of Thornton and Tinney. He rivaled the real artists themselves.

All of the artists were so well received by the house that it is hard to single out any hits. From the overture of the Jazz Band to taps of the buglers every act received a healthy round of applause. Art Hiller did great work at the piano, Keenan danced in Winter Garden style, Berton's magic went better than ever, the Radio Rhapsodists gave everyone musical feet, Sam Isaacs held them all as if spellbound with his story of the circus, which was so well received that he was compelled to respond to an encore and gave Service's "My Mate" in superb fashion. Raymond Griffin's songs made such a hit that the

audience is still calling for more. He was assisted by W. W. La Violette. Ralph La Morte put across his songs in regular Broadway style, with able assistance from his pianist, Dunbar. The Quartette of Quality, with Hyde at the piano, filled the house with melody, and were followed in excellent style in the closing scene by Dilcher in tenor solos. Phillips and Badour brought things to a close with the old familiar call, taps.

The Q. M. boys were particularly fortunate in that they had with them for the performance two artists of wide reputation. Myriam, the Little Coquette, in songs and dances, was one of the hits of the evening. Bob Fisher, the famous Winter Garden star and hit of the Pelham Bay show, "Biff Bang," who is a friend of one of the Q. M. boys, Moe (Murphy) Blumburg, came down and showed why "Biff Bang" made such a hit in New York, by giving a few samples of his songs, which proved to be only a "taster" for the audience. He was the finished artist of the evening, and if he were singing there yet he would still have a packed house calling for more.

The boys are indebted to organizations outside of the Q. M. for much of their good talent and are not unmindful of the fact. A copy of the events in "A Night in the Barracks" follows:

PROGRAM.

Overture Camp Vail Jazz Band

Leader: Sergeant 1st Class Nieman.

Sergeant 1st Class Hart

Private Jackson

Sergeant Sell

Private Burris

Private Miland

Corporal Sayther

Sergeant Stewart

Sergeant Bragg

Private Mueller

Private West

"A NIGHT IN THE BARRACKS."

Featuring a few humorous episodes of Camp Life.

Scene: Company Barracks.

Time: After Evening Mess.

Cast of Characters:

Murray—From Cook to Army Chambermaid, Murray Margulies.

"Scatterbrains"—"The Barrack Nut," Herman E. Blumenfeld.

Wally—"The Homesick Boy," J. Walruff.

Shorty—"The Piano Mover," Louis Herrmann.

Shorty's Assistant—George Hubschmitt.

Goodwin—"The Announcer," W. H. Goodwin.

Art Hiller Composer and Pianist

Joseph E. Keenan Clever Feet

Louis Berton "Some Sleight of Hand"

Albert S. Herron "Assistant"

C. E. Gibson

J. E. Barrett

A. Mueller

E. H. Crown

F. E. Davidson

Sam Isaacs (Daddy) "The Circus Man."

Raymond Griffin in Classic Songs (Accompanied by W. W. Le Violette, Piano)

Special Attraction.

"Myriam," "The Little Coquette" (Accompanied by G. C. Pinkerton)

Phillips & Badour, Buglers In Camp Calls

Jacob Simons "A Few Impersonations"

Added Special Attraction.

Bob Fisher "Of the Navy" In "Songs of Today"

Nieman, Hart and Sayther "That Musical Trio"

Ralph La Morte "Our Old Favorite," with Dunbar at the Piano

Phillip C. Eckhardt

Percy C. Dilcher

S. Rosenthal

Charles E. Wilson

E. S. Hyde Pianist

Closing Scene.

"Call to Quarter" By "The Buglers"

"Bed Check" By "The Army Chambermaid"

The "Silver-voiced Tenor" Percy C. Dilcher

"Taps" By "The Buglers"

COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE:

Capt. Francis M. Goble

Chairman Ex Officio

Lieut. Walter J. Ellison.

Q. M. Sergt. Jacob I. Goodstein

Bus. Mgr.-Treas.

Corpl. Albert Meltzer

Secretary-Asst. Bus. Mgr.

ENTERTAINMENT:

Lt. Ralph H. Bouligny.

Sergt. Samuel Isaacs, Chairman.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Louis Berton, Jr.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Albert S. Herron.

Cook Murray Margulies.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Gustave B. Jacobs.

PUBLICITY.

Q. M. Sergt. Edwin A. Tomlinson.

Sergt. James F. O'Brien.

Corpl. Luciano Salvaggio.

Pvt. 1st Cl. George E. Strecker.

RECEPTION:

Pvt. 1st Cl. Donald N. Haddix.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Moses J. Blumberg.

Pvt. 1st Cl. John H. Holler.

Corpl. Joseph C. Dempsey.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter Engelsman.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Herman E. Blumenfeld.

Corpl. Howard G. Parsons.

Pvt. 1st Cl. William G. Fiala.

Private Fay W. Cole.

Private Roy I. Chase.

THE STORY OF CAMP VAIL.

Editor's Note: Credit for the facts which follow is due very largely to the kindness of Major Bowman, Captains McClintic and, Amthor, M. S. E. Smith, Sgt. Phillips, and others, without whose memory of the earliest incidents connected with the camp this article could not have been written.

An automobile passing along the dusty country road between Oceanport and Little Silver paused so that its occupants might watch with interest a few khaki-clad men who were engaged in clearing a space to pitch their tents. This was a detachment of Depot Co. H., in charge of Sergeant Wigmore, and the date was June 5th, 1917. The day before the first government trucks had deposited their cargoes of rolled canvas. Thirty men finally comprised this detachment, among whom remain at Camp Vail, M. S. E. Smith and Sergeant Stolz, both of whom are in Transportation corps.

From the office of the Chief Signal Officer of the Department of the East had come, at various times, Colonel Hartman and Major Bowman, who was then Captain Bowman. They had been searching throughout the region for a suitable location for a signal corps training camp. Lt. Dekker had been the right-of-way man and had arranged for the leasing of the property which had been the site of the famous Monmouth Park racing course, for many years the most famous track in the East. In June, at that time, it was a waste and howling wilderness, thickly overgrown with heavy brush, bramble bushes, chin-high rank grass, and swamps. One cannot help admiring the visionary, stout-hearted pioneers who walked and waded into this desert and made of it one of the prettiest small camps in the country.

Lt. Dekker, now Major, was the first commanding officer, and under his direction the space was cleared for two telegraph battalions of reserve operators who were coming to add to their knowledge of telegraphy the intricacies of military life. There were among them men of considerable experience in telephone work, operators, linemen, and so on. They were all eager to see which should be fitted first for overseas duty. Indeed, this ambition which spurred on the first outfits trained here for the serious business of beating the Huns, became the great ambition of every succeeding unit which followed them.

Fields of waving corn dotted here and there with green potato patches stretched across much of the space where the radio laboratory buildings and hangars now stand—that is, where the mud would permit such cultivation. Those where the laboratory building stand gave way to the 1st and 2nd Reserve Telegraph Battalions. Like many another military camp, water was a scarce luxury. It had to be carried from the Meyer stables for washing and cooking purposes. It meant something to be a K. P. in those days. If one wanted to bathe, he went to Long Branch or Red Bank. An improvised bath was made near where the Y. M. C. A. building now stands, and consisted of a shower bath arrangement and a large piece of canvas stretched around four sides. Such was the price of cleanliness.

The first headquarters building was a tent; and was situated about where

the flagpole now stands. Lt. Dekker's quarters were immediately back of it. The first hospital tent was where the "Y" building is. Five men of the Hospital corps came about June 7th, with one big tent. The detachment was in charge of Corporal Fitzpatrick, and their work grew so that three tents were required. The first Post Exchange was a tent, close to where headquarters now is.

Knee-deep in June came the "Fighting Q. M." Sergeant Herron together with Sergeants Cary, Cuneen, Ellison, and others made up this corps and were under the direction of Sergeant Marsh, who came to be popularly known as Villa, because of his hirsute appendages. Of course, they were no rivals of Lt. Dekker's, whose flowing reddish mustache waved behind him as he sped here and there in one of the Fords. M. S. E. Smith started, one day for the place where the Q. M. now stands, with a load of stakes, preparatory to laying out the location for the buildings. The soil was soft and a short distance from the road, opposite the present hangars, he floundered in the mud, and dug himself in so deeply that the rest of the day was spent in trying to extricate the truck. A Mr. Payne, seated comfortably in a Ford, drove around the place and got to his destination with the stakes.

Construction work was in charge of and under the supervision of Captain "Jimmie Ware, who had been in the construction department of the Army for some time. Eatontown was the shipping point, and the first transportation officer was Lt. Olmstead.

Early in July, when there were only a few hundred troops here, came the "Y." They were assigned a site for their 40x80 tent next to the headquarters tent, and where the present headquarters building stands. R. L. Williams was in charge at the beginning, and later had associated with him Frank C. Shinn, in charge of social work, and J. C. Travis, looking after the clerical work. To this trio fell the task of keeping the tent overhead during the heavy rains. The soil was soft and the stakes refused to hold. It often happened that, during a performance the rain would pour through the many holes and patches in the big tent and audience and artist alike were drenched to the skin. The tent fell many times, was patched and again erected, and again fell down. Night after night, in the wee small hours, scantily clad "Y." men could be seen moving about through the driving rain tightening ropes, driving loosened stakes deeper into the soft ground, and tightening guy lines, all the while fervently hoping that the worst was passed. Their building was finished in October and their troubles actually over.

But they did a good piece of work and were of service to many men. Among the first women workers in the camp were Mrs. John H. Parker, of Long Branch, Mrs. J. B. Greenhut, and others associated with them. They did much to relieve the unpleasantness of camp life under such hard conditions. The Rumson Committee soon came with their ice cream and entertainments, and became a real camp institution whose work is known by every soldier who left Camp Vail.

It was the hottest summer ever known in this region. Day after day

the thermometer rose high into the 90's, and above. The only relief was found in the waters of the Atlantic, to which, more than once, the officers' training school was removed in trucks, and, standing waist deep in the refreshing waters, Lt. McClintic pursued their lessons in theoretical telegraphy. Whole outfits were marched to the ocean and told to cool off as best they could.

Lt. Milliken—now Colonel—succeeded Lt. Dekker as Commanding Officer, and the first building occupied as headquarters was the one now used by Captain McClintic, the Provost Marshal. The officers' club, which was remodeled during the winter, was used as a garage. It had served, in its palmy days, as entrance to the grand stand at the side of the track.

As the summer passed, new outfits arrived, among whom were the First Field, fresh from the Mexican border, the 10th Field and the 55th Telegraph Battalion. While it was yet very hot, M. S. E. Smith drew the first load of lumber for the barracks buildings which now crown the "hill." When the 10th Field arrived, part of them slept inside the building, part under it, and some of them beside it on the ground. They were not the first soldiers at this camp to find their beds on the ground, however. When the Q. M. boys came, there was no room for them to sleep except on the ground, and looking up through the trees at the stars they made themselves as comfortable as they could and went to sleep.

Lt. Corlett was the third Commanding Officer, and after he left, Major Mitchell succeeded him. All the while the camp was being cleared of its growth of bushes and tall grass, the swamps were being drained of their stagnant water, drainage was being put in, trees were being cut down, and ashes and cinders were being poured endlessly into the low-lying places. The old race course, and farm was beginning to be replaced by a military reservation, and the strains of the bugle were being carried abroad throughout the day and night. Sight-seers were coming, from far and near, departing with wonderful stories of the magnitude of operations being rushed to completion at Camp Vail.

The Governor of the State was here, as well as Theodore N. Vail to celebrate the naming of the post after the Uncle of Mr. Theodore Vail. And since those days, many notable persons have visited the camp and have carried with them to all parts of the country stories of its symmetry and attractiveness. For a time, Colonel Kumpe was acting Commanding Officer, and was succeeded by Colonel Cowan who arrived early in the fall. Under his regime many more buildings were constructed on the hill, and the Radio Laboratories were built by the 504th Aero Squadron, who came under command of Lt. Steele. Several inches of soft, sticky mud covered the site of the laboratory buildings as the work started. Many loads of cinders and ashes were dumped about and the work proceeded rapidly. The buildings presented a pretty sight with their white sides and red roofs, and when the equipment for the barracks arrived, behold! there were springs on the cots, white sheets and pillows for the men, and other dainties which had been unheard of and

unknown by the men who did the pioneering work of the earlier days.

The coldest winter ever known hereabouts followed the hottest summer. Means of transportation to the nearby towns were abandoned. Heavy snows fell and lay on the ground, inches deep throughout the long severe winter. Father Lacasse taught French to the officers every night, and nightly there were entertainments at the Y. which was then the only accessible or available place of amusement in the camp. Colonel Cowan asked to have an orchestra organized, and set aside every Friday night for dancing in the Post School building, now used as the Post Exchange. Sergeant Neiman, of the 10th Field, got together a Jazz Band of 12 pieces. They met for practice at the Y. every afternoon for many weeks, and became widely known as the "Camp Vail Jazz Band." Familiarly, though, they were called "Riser's Band," after the then assistant adjutant, Lt. Riser. "Kewpie" Burris blew blasts from his trombone which were heard far and wide, and the music of the band attracted many men who were for a few moments off duty.

The tall brick stack and the wooden water tank, almost the last remaining landmarks of the once famous race course were razed in the early spring, and the cellar of what was the Monmouth Hotel was cleared out with the idea of making something attractive therein; but other matters needed attention and the work was never completed. Under the efficient direction of Lt. Badger, then construction officer, "No Man's Land" was cleared of its rotting ties, and the big tractors lumbered through the brush and dunes and pulled many piles of ties. Drainage was made, and the ground filled and smoothed for incoming battalions who pitched their tents in many rows extending almost down to the garages.

Colonel Helms, present Commanding Officer, came to Camp Vail about July 10th, and the post entered on what appears to be its final period. It became a matter of speedily training new soldiers into finished signal corps men, and getting them overseas as quickly as they could be well trained and dispatched. As has often been said, Camp Vail need never be ashamed of any of the units which were sent forth from it to the actual scenes of fighting. They have all given excellent service, and some of their members have been cited for especial valor, and one of their battalions, at least, has been honored by the Commander of all the American forces overseas for valor and efficiency. Every soldier, we believe, who has gone forth from Camp Vail, would be glad to come back and look over it again for "auld lang syne."

It is now Major Wedgewood, Captain Riser, and other promotions overseas. Major Dekker is no longer with the 418th. Many other changes have been made of men whose names are familiar with us here. We read in the New York World Monday morning that the 418th were on their way back to Camp Meade. Rumor overseas has it that the 10th Field is to come back to Camp Vail to be mustered out. Some rumor, we'll say!

TRANSPORTATION TOPICS.

Continued from Page Three.

which past experience had told us meant that Capt. Harding was brewing some of his famous chocolate. 'Twasn't long before Olie said the magic word and the battle started. There were spaniels, poodles and hounds of all descriptions, but the Gas Hounds carried the day and left the tables clean. Good work, Captain; we're for you.

We understand that Corp. Abel is going to manufacture airplanes. He is working on a model now that gives promise of being one of the first to cross the Atlantic.

Bibby says K. P. in the new mess hall is a cinch. Don't worry, Bibby, we are preparing a 20-year contract which will be submitted for approval in the near future.

Markellie believes that a coal fire should burn like a candle, so he dumps the fire in the ash pit, then shovels it back on top of the coal. Good boy, Markellie, we suggest that you apply for a patent.

Freer says Sancho leaks. We heartily agree with him. Suggestions thankfully received.

Reichelt is acting personnel clerk and company clerk. Some combination, Vic. You have our sympathy.

Mittleman, our typewriter artist, visited New Brunswick, N. J., last weekend. We don't know her name, but would suggest Sgt. Stolz as a possible source of information.

McLaughlin has returned from furlough. He is still undecided as to which one he will marry. We would strongly recommend Asbury Park, but York still seems to be in the lead.

Corp. Wilson is still wearing the vest that his grandfather was buried in. Stick to it, John, we will bet that that vest can sell some "hair raisers."

Jansen has been inducted into service as Transport Corps mail orderly. Gray says he is a h— of a fireman, but stick to it, Shorty, we're with you.

Stover, beware. Tow lines are getting scarce.

In addition to being private secretary to the Captain, Gray is Sergeant-Major of our new 1919 model fire engine "Sancho."

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12th DEPOT BATTALION.

By Corporal John F. Conlan.

The 12th Depot Battalion is now history. Every light has been put out for the last time, and the smoke no longer comes from the top of the tents. Even the door to headquarters has been locked for the last time. The final work was done Wednesday, and Sgt. Major Elmer A. Weden and Sgt. William Bradley were the last to leave. The officers were attached to the 13th Service Company.

The passing of the 12th brought both happiness and sadness to every heart—happiness because the boys were again going home to follow their peace time pursuits—sadness because it was breaking the friendship and comradeship of the best lot of fellows ever organized in one Battalion.

To The Young Ladies of the neighboring towns: The boys of the 12th will always remember the hospitality, the parties, the dances and the dinners. The hardships of being hundreds of miles from home, in some cases thousands, were made easy by their kindness, and the voice of every discharged soldier from Camp Vail will go out in praise of the efforts to make their time pass, with all the comforts of home.

On account of the large number of men transferred and discharged last week, it is reported that a few of the headquarters men, who were in camp to the last have stored up quite a supply of cigars and cigarettes. The boys were doing 2 on and 4 off the first few days of this week.

Reveille blows this morning, but the 12th is missing. They have answered "Present" for the last time, and have gone.

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Somebody remarked, that so many people were going away that before long even the trees will be leaving. Sic 'em, Towser.

FAREWELL DANCE.

Continued from Page 6.

and wall-flowers were conspicuous by their absence.

The dance was held at the Casino in Long Branch with the regular Casino Orchestra of six pieces. We venture to say that that is the best orchestra we have heard around these parts in some time. Dancing started as early as eight o'clock, many of the girls being there and three truck loads of O. D. having been already dumped. There was no time wasted in getting things started. Mrs. Francis had a bunch of trick souvenir-dominoes, odd-shaped papers etc. These were distributed and the men had to match up with the ladies. This dance was closely followed by a Paul Jones which worked fine in spite of the fact that M. S. E. Brown needed a megaphone.

The first real novelty of the occasion was some exhibition boxing between two members of the Battalion. Kid "Garry"—none of the Pennsylvania coal belt took on Battling Arnold of Co. A. Arnold had an idea it was all right to box with either side of his hand while Garramone amused himself by dropping his guard and taking a few slaps on the face. This bout was stopped as planned after the third round. Then in order to start a little excitement Garramone went two rounds with Kauffman of Co. A, the former referee. Garry was wary at the start of each round but took a chance towards the end and sailed into his much larger opponent and made the fur fly. We do not know what the fair half of the assembly thought of the boxing but we did not see any of them walking away.

The next feature of the evening was a lucky Number dance. Eighty couples started and were eliminated down to the last and lucky No. 19. Two prizes were awarded the lucky couple. And the dancing went on again.

Perhaps the biggest hit was the "Moonlight Dance." Just as the orchestra started to waltz "Dear Old

Pat of Mine" the lights went out all except a very dim border of colored lights around the ceiling. The combination was irresistible and was enchored time and again.

It is worthy of note that it took four of the battalion's huskies to keep the punch bowls filled all evening. In addition to the punch there were also candies and cakes. We were very glad to see that none of it was wasted.

The dance broke up about ten after twelve. Bed check had been extended until one o'clock and, at latest report, nobody was late. So it may be admitted a large success in every way.

The committee wishes to express its thanks particularly to Mrs. Limburg of the Red Cross for so kindly assisting in the arrangements, and also to Mrs. Francis and all the other ladies who did so much for us at the dance. The committee consisted of the following:

M. S. E. Brown, Acting Chairman, Sgt. 1st Class J. H. Allen, Acting Treasurer, Sgt. Russell Jones and Pvt. White of Co. A, Sgt. Johnson of Co. B, Sgt. 1st Class Bell and Cpt. Schiller of Co. C.

Good-by, Air Service men. Good luck to you wherever you go.

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Pretty slim pickings for the Sunday evening meetings, these times.

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"Dots and Dashes" wishes everybody good luck, and takes leave of them with regrets.

Back numbers of "Dots and Dashes" may be obtained by asking at the Y. counter. There are back numbers of nearly every issue to be had.

The lodgings between the camp and the Little Silver station, which made a comfortable home for many of the wives and lady folks of the soldiers, has been closed. Red Bank hotels will have the fun of getting the business now, we presume.

SPECIAL SALE on UNIFORMS

ALSO

Overcoats, odd Breeches and Blouses

WHY NOT A NEW SUIT BEFORE GOING HOME?

Overseas Caps and Wrap Leggings

Cotton O. D. Shirts, 95c; were \$2.00

Wool O. D. Shirts, \$3.79; were \$6.00

Khaki Suits, Hand Tailored, \$8.50; worth \$16.00

CAMP TAILOR

(Opposite the Y. M. C. A.)

CANTEEN CHECKS ACCEPTED



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